

MINERVA's Remonstrance  
TO  
*Great Britains* GENIUS,  
For the Encouragement of  
ART and TRADE.

Shewing the General Abuses arising to the Publick from  
**Banks and Stocks.**

7. April. 1701.

THE Airy Chariot breaks the Azure Roads,  
\*By Furious Dragons drawn from bright Abodes,  
The Realms of *Jove*, and Council of the Gods.

\* Minerva  
is now  
drawn by  
such Mon-  
sters, as in-  
fect and  
Prey upon  
us.

*Minerva* flies—For Noble *Britain's* Cause,  
Justice claims Honour to your Sacred Laws.  
Then Pow'rful GENIUS, my Opinion hear,  
Since now's the Time to make those Wrongs appear,  
That has, or does, or e'er may Cost thee Dear.

Your Funds on Int'rests, once so well Design'd,  
To serve the Juncture of Affairs,  
When so Involv'd in Wars and Cares,  
Was all the Remedy you then cou'd find.

But if Experience shews the Great Abuse,  
Of what was proper then, and most of Use:

If Acts of Grace, are made a Vice,

To serve Licentious Avarice;

And Laws are Wrested from their True Design,  
'Tis now high time their Limits to Confine.

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In

In Vain your Poor can be Imploy'd,  
 If In-land Trade be once Destroy'd,  
 And that it is,—the Publick do Complain.  
 Your Gent'ry now themselves refuse,  
 The Various Blessings they shou'd use;  
 And ev'ry Thrifty Frugal Man,  
 Scrapes up what Money now he can;  
 \* Customs prevail from that Self-Int'rest shore,  
 Where few are Honest, so that none are very Poor.  
 Their Morals Craft, Design and Fraud,  
 HONOUR's put out to Use, and Pelf is all their God.  
 For slender Profits, They no Vice Refrain,  
 And Two Pence Int'rest there, is all clear Gain.

Not Misers Banks (those Canker-Worms in State)  
 Supports your Rights, or makes my Darling Great.  
 Your Wealth must here more freely flow,  
 As Bountious *Jove* his Favours do bestow:  
 His Liberal Blessings are for Publick Good: —  
 No Stocks forestal'n must Rise,  
 As Private Int'rests sets the Price:  
 Nor Sordid Misers common Drain,  
 Engross the Treasure of the Main,  
 Corrupting all the Nations Powerful Blood.

So Knaves Combine in Purchasing a Stock,  
 Who never trust their Pelf at Sea;  
 Each Tool buys there a share,  
 Till all the Sheep have fill'd the Snare;  
 Then Roguish *Shepherds* run away, —  
 And leave i'th' Lurcs, the Poor, Dejected, Simple Flock.  
 And thus Indust'rous Rights they do invade,  
 And Art, and Trade, their Properties are made.

The Publick's wrong'd, whilst Villans share the Spoil,  
 Till Rage supplies thy People's Fruitless Toyl:

Then

Then may your Odious Leeches slyly boast,  
Whether your Judgement ———

Or your Oversights have cost you Most :  
Supporting of your Rights and Laws,  
Or who were Tools that marr'd your Cause,  
Or how your Souldiers have their Pay,  
Or what your Victories were at Sea,  
Or Product of your Liberality, ———  
Or making Peace with Skil and Care,  
To save the Charge of tedious War ?  
Or fixing Credit in the Nation,  
To save a Money Circulation ?  
With all the Profits you Obtain'd,  
And all the Honour you have Gain'd.

Your Faults and Crimes, I shall not Name,  
Conscience Detects, — The Nation's all to blame ;  
Yet Prudence may avert your Ruin, and your Shame.  
And own My Gen'ral Hints are not severe,  
The Gods can be more just ——— but Mercy does forbear.  
But this Oppression ne'er can hold,  
Thy Peoples Labour's basely bought and sold,  
Stocks Ruin Trade, — and Banks buy all your Gold.

Wisely Correct, — and I'll your Cares Decide,  
Cause *Europe's* Hero, and *Great Britains* Pride,  
In Triumph o'er His Vanquish'd Foes to Ride,  
Abroad I'll hold Contestant Wars,  
Secure this Isle from In-bred Jars :  
No Hood-wink'd Fortune dare to Frown, —  
Your wrangling Feuds shall Cease ;  
And here I'll fix both Wealth and Peace,  
And Justice will support *Great Britains* Crown.

For

*For the Encouragement of the Liberal Sciences.*

Come! wond'rous Genius of this Isle,  
 Thy mighty Power Proclaim,  
 And Raise thy Grandure to thy Fame,  
 Thy Int'rest to thy Glorious Name;  
 And tedious Steps of Rugged Time beguile, —  
 Improving ev'ry Science, ev'ry Art,  
 Inflame each Noble Brest, and warm ev'ry Heart:  
 With Musick, Painting, Prose and Verse;  
 Indulge my Sons their Rapture to Express,  
 As may surprize the Gazing Universe,  
 And move admiring *Jove* on all your Acts to Smile.

With Vig'rous Thoughts, with Active Zeal and Love,  
 They'll Pierce the Clouds, and Paint the Powers Above.  
 Then bold down to Hells dark Region go,  
 Draw Fury and Horror, in all the Damn'd below;  
 The Earth and Seas, they suddenly Alarm:  
 Vast secrets there Proclaim, —  
 As shall amaze Old Time and Fame,  
 And thro' the Astonish'd World ev'ry Mortal Charm.

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